The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
Pure red,and white,for yet no beard has bleſt him.
And in his rowling eyes,ſits victory,
As if ſhe ever ment to corect his valour:
His Noſe ſtands high,a Character of honour.
His red lips,after fights,are fit for Ladies.
Emil. Muſt theſe men die too?
Per. When he ſpeakes,his tongue
Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyneaments
Are as a man would wiſh 'em,ſtrong,and cleane,
He weares a well-ſteeld Axe,the ſtaffe of gold,
His age ſome five and twenty.
Meſſ. Ther's another,
A little man,but of a tough ſoule,ſeeming
As great as any: fairer promiſes
In ſuch a Body,yet I never look'd on.
Per. O,he that's freckle fac'd?
Meſſ The ſame my Lord,
Are they not ſweet ones?
Per. Yes they are well.
Meſſ. Me thinkes,
Being ſo few,and well diſpoſd,they ſhow
Great,and fine art in nature,he's white hair'd,
Not wanton white,but ſuch a manly colour
Next to an aborne,tough,and nimble ſet,
Which ſhowes an active ſoule; his armes are brawny
Linde with ſtrong ſinewes: To the ſhoulder peece,
Gently they ſwell,like women new conceav'd,
Which ſpeakes him prone to labour,never fainting
Vnder the waight of Armes;ſtout harted,ſtill,
But when he ſtirs,a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
Which yeelds compaſſion where he conquers:ſharpe
To ſpy advantages,and where he finds 'em,
He's ſwift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
Nor takes none; he's round fac'd,and when he ſmiles
He ſhowes a Lover,when he frownes,a Souldier:
About his head he weares the winners oke,
And in it ſtucke the favour of his Lady;

His

His age,ſome ſix and thirtie. In his hand
He beares a charging Staffe,emboſt with ſilver.
Theſ. Are they all thus?
Per. They are all the ſonnes of honour.
Theſ. Now as I have a ſoule I long to ſee 'em,
Lady you ſhall ſee men fight now.
Hip. I wiſh it,
But not the cauſe my Lord; They would ſhow
Bravely about the Titles of two Kingdomes;
Tis pitty Love ſhould be ſo tyrannous:
O my ſoft harted Siſter,what thinke you?
Weepe not,till they weepe blood; Wench it muſt be.
Theſ. You have ſteel'd 'em with your Beautie: honored (Friend,
To you I give the Feild; pray order it,
Fitting the perſons that muſt uſe it.
Per. Yes Sir.
Theſ. Come,I'le goe viſit 'em: I cannot ſtay,
Their fame has fir'd me ſo; Till they appeare,
Good Friend be royall.
Per. There ſhall want no bravery.
Emilia. Poore wench goe weepe,for whoſoever wins,
Looſes a noble Coſen,for thy ſins. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Iailor,Wooer,Doctor.*

Doct. Her diſtraction is more at ſome time of the Moone,
Then at other ſome,is it not?
Iay. She is continually in a harmeleſſe diſtemper,ſleepes
Little,altogether without appetite,ſave often drinking,
Dreaming of another world,and a better;and what
Broken peece of matter ſo'ere ſhe's about,the name
Palamon lardes it,that ſhe farces ev'ry buſines

Enter Daughter.

Withall,fyts it to every queſtion; Looke where
Shee comes,you ſhall perceive her behaviour.
Daugh. I have forgot it quite;The burden o'nt,was *downe*
A downe a,and pend by no worſe man,then
Giraldo,Emilias Schoolemaſter;he's as
Fantaſticall too,as ever he may goe upon's legs,
For in the next world will *Dido* ſee *Palamon*,and